

TOMMY RYAN AND BILLY SMITH'S GREAT BATTLE

THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

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RIVAL PERSIAN DANCERS.

FATIMA, WHO IS OUT OF AN ENGAGEMENT, ATTEMPTS TO ASSAULT HER SUCCESSFUL RIVAL.



RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.

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The Fox Building, New York.

THE Marquis of Queensberry hasn't forgotten what a "right-hand jab" is.

IF your wife rides a bicycle, don't go out driving with another woman. There's danger in the wheel.

HOW about that colored supplement last week? Those who received one say they can't be beat.

BEWARE of the trained bear. He is nice to look at—from a distance—but doesn't make a good playfellow.

YOUNG GRIFFO, posing as an athlete and a disciple of Oscar Wilde, is a new role for even the Australian.

THE double-page illustration next week, on a theatrical subject, will be not only a novelty, but a work of art.

THE new woman is coming to the front at the rate of a mile a minute. Even the dear college girls have their rushes now, just like the boys.

HOW a woman must love a man with whom she elopes after he has killed her father. But it can't be a very pleasant honeymoon, after all.

INJURED husbands have taken to dynamite now. Here's an Indiana man who blew the side of his house in and seriously wounded his daughter by exploding a bomb recently.

ANOTHER defeat of the Alisa by the Britannia rather leaves the problem of these yachts racing for the America Cup somewhat in doubt. Unless the former can be classed as a better boat than Wales' cutter, there seems little likelihood of her beating Dunraven's challenger, and her chances in our American waters would be nil.

AS the details of Young Griff's alleged crime are exploited, the horror of it becomes more and more convincing and the necessity of punishment more apparent. The Society for the Prevention of Vice and Immorality will merit the thanks of the entire community if it pursues the perpetrator to the bitter end and secures for him the punishment he so justly merits.

THE progress of racing under the guidance of the Jockey Club has been constantly onward and upward. The latest development, therefore, in the renting of Morris Park by the Jockey Club for the purpose of carrying on high class racing need have occasioned no surprise on the part of those who have kept in touch with the trend of turf events. Just such well directed energy as that displayed by the Jockey Club has long been needed in racing affairs, and no doubt under the management of the gentlemen who will assume charge at Morris Park, racing and breeding interests generally will receive a new and added impetus.

MASKS AND FACES.

Del De Forrest's Ideal Stage Dressing Room.

CONFRONTED BY THE REALITY

Adele Ritchie and Escort Overtaken by a Bicycling Nemesis.

YOUNG WOMEN WHO MAKE PICTURES

"Before I became a real actress," said Del De Forrest, the whirlwind dancer, the other day, "before I thought of going on the stage I used to conjure up in my fancy, what the dressing room of a theatre was like, and I used to imagine it was a beautiful room, upholstered in pink or blue or heliotrope silk; that there were divans and rugs, and all that sort of thing, and

My Major, *Snake Charmer*; and Miss Lucille Sturges, who is one of the *Three Graces*.

Genevieve Nannery, a talented young woman, who is better known on the Rialto of the West than in the East and South, has made a matrimonial hit, and, as a result, has left the footlights, to play a neat little domestic drama, surrounded by all the luxuries, as well as the comforts, of home. She has married a young millionaire high roller, who not only knows how to spend money, but, what is better, who has plenty of it.

Nellie De Coursey, whose dancing is of the hurricane order, and whose voice is particularly fetching, has taken her charming self to the fold of T. E. Miac's Extravaganza and Specialty company. She quite turned the heads of the chappies of Gotham recently when she appeared at one of the most prominent of the music halls.

It is said of Marion Lea that she knows how to wear a dress, inasmuch as she seems to forget she has it on. Incidentally, this young woman has been described as a "civic bundle of natty creponnedom, with

ooth, which glittered at every performance; and finally, at a matinee the lady who had the best dressing room went to the stage manager and demanded the discharge of Miss Russell.

"Come, come, don't be petulant," said he. "You're all right, and she's only a chorus girl."

"I don't care; she'll have to go. I won't have the attention of the audience distracted from my singing. And what's the use of my wearing diamonds if she's to be on?"

"She's a very useful girl and she supports a widowed mother. Besides, remember your contract?"

"Oh contract! contract! Show me where my contract binds me to sing on the same stage with a woman who's got a gold front tooth!"

Miss Pauline Train, one of the Spanish girls in "Little Christopher," gave a *bon voyage* tea at her apartments in the Mahler flats before she sailed on the Etruria for Europe. Among those present were Misses Lucy Escott, Frankie Bailey, Irene Vera, Josie Ditt, Lila Blow, Lena Martinez, Florence Raymond, Mrs. R. H. Lee and Miss Bessie Bonehill.

There is an exodus of actresses into the ranks of typewriters and stenographers. Road companies are beginning to come in and disband for the season, and bewitching soubrettes and pretty girls who play minor parts, as well as the humble chorus singers, are taking lessons in typewriting and shorthand.

The reason for this is very simple. For some years the profession has been overcrowded, and many really good clever comedians and soubrettes have found it most difficult to get even a position in the ranks of the chorus or ballet. Last winter the destitution was so great that twenty girls were given employment at the pay of \$6 a week to simply stand around in the drawing room scene of a play running at the Academy of Music. Some of these young women had previously earned as much as \$75 a week.

Miss Nellie Trogen and Miss Mattie Rooney, who have turned the Trilby craze to good advantage by doing a Trilby dance in bare feet, are very proud of their knowledge of how to make up a foot, and they take as much care with their pedal extremities as they do with their faces. They have become so very expert in making up their feet that they have attracted an unusual amount of attention. These two young women introduced their dances before a Kansas City audience in the Grand Theatre, recently, in the second act of "Lord Rooney," and they had three offers of marriage within the week. Just see what perfect feet and perfect art will do.

It was Frankie Bailey, the shapely young woman, who is in the cast of "Little Christopher," who rebuked a manher recently, and cut him short in his flirting career. She has for some time past been greatly annoyed by the impertinent attentions of a foolish, but fashionable man, who has persisted in following her without cause on every available occasion. He refused to be gainsayed, and Miss Bailey was at her wits' end as to how to get rid of him. One afternoon, as she was on Broadway, with her shadow following her, as usual, she noticed, standing in front of the Hoff House, half a dozen of the friends of the infatuated swain. A brilliant thought occurred to her, and, waiting for the young man to catch up with her, she turned demurely and sweetly and pityingly held out a few pennies to the ardent and now hopeful youth, with the remark: "My poor man. I am sorry for you, but this is all I can spare." A shout of laughter greeted the silly, and the young man has not only ceased to follow the girl, but has been forced to cut half his acquaintances.

Minnie Zwinge, who was in the cast of "The Twentieth Century Girl," whose stage name is Nellie Berwick, has been having a little trouble about her age. Some time ago when she and her husband raised a \$15,000 mortgage on some property, she was twenty-seven years old. That seems to have been a mistake, for she says now she is only twenty-four years old. This quibble about age may not seem to amount to very much, but it is really of some serious import. If she is only twenty-four years old she can have the mortgage set aside, because she was not of age when she signed.

PAPINTA AND BONNIE THORNTON.

It has remained for Papinta to give theatre-goers the very latest novelty in dances, and her portrait shows her just before she took the first step of the Myriad Dance at the Casino. She is called the perfect woman, because of her extreme symmetry. She proposes to invent new dances for the roof gardens.

Bonnie Thornton, who has bewitched everybody by her singing, and who has made popular more songs than any young woman on the stage to-day, has returned to New York, after a most successful tour.

Pretty But Wicked.

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all that an actress had to do was to lay off in a pair of silk tights, whiff Turkish cigarettes and sip champagne. I wonder if there are any little girls in the world now who think as I used to. If there are I would like to find them, so I could show them what kind of a cracked dry goods box a theatrical dressing room really is."

Lithesome Mlle. Marguerite, pretty and dainty, who did a most excellent contortionist act at the Casino before misfortune overcame it, is rehearsing a new act that, it is said, will make all other acts look like little yellow dogs in comparison.

One of the best theatrical partnerships, so far as chic, size and talent go, is the one formed for the manufacture and production of songs, dances, etc., etc., by Miss O'Neill and Miss Southerland. They are as perfect a pair of little artists as have ever appeared, and they have already made the hit which entitles them to the serious consideration of the vaudeville-loving public.

The horrible possibilities of the bicycle were illustrated by Mrs. Jo Herbert's ride after Mr. Jo Herbert, her husband, and Miss Adele Ritchie, the blond comic opera lady, who is forever resigning engagements. Something over a year ago, Mrs. Herbert and Miss Ritchie had it out with flats and hair-pulling on the stage of the American Theatre. Ever since that time they have been distant as they passed by.

Mr. Herbert had the unfortunate idea on Sunday of taking Miss Ritchie out for a drive.

Mrs. Herbert, who has been assiduously studying the wheel for the purpose of catching them, at last got her chance, and she kept up with them, shouting opprobrious things, and evidently making life a burden to both of them during what they had hoped would be a pleasure excursion.

Unfortunately, Mr. Herbert was driving a plug, otherwise his wife, who is not a good rider, might easily have been lost in the shuffle.

But the instance suggests that if wives are going to do these sort of things, driving in the Park on Sunday will soon be a thing of the past.

It isn't to be supposed that because the bronze statues, as exemplified by that most divinely-shaped young woman, Miss Bessie Stanton, have created such a sensation, that all of the living pictures have gone out of the business. The most popular living pictures who show a series of undulating curves to an appreciative audience to-day, are Miss Amie Jonston, who has been frequently posed as *La Cygne*; Miss Helyn Whiting, whose proportions permit her to successfully impersonate *Venus*; Miss May Sullivan, the *Nymph*; Miss Em-

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ROMANCE AND REALITY.

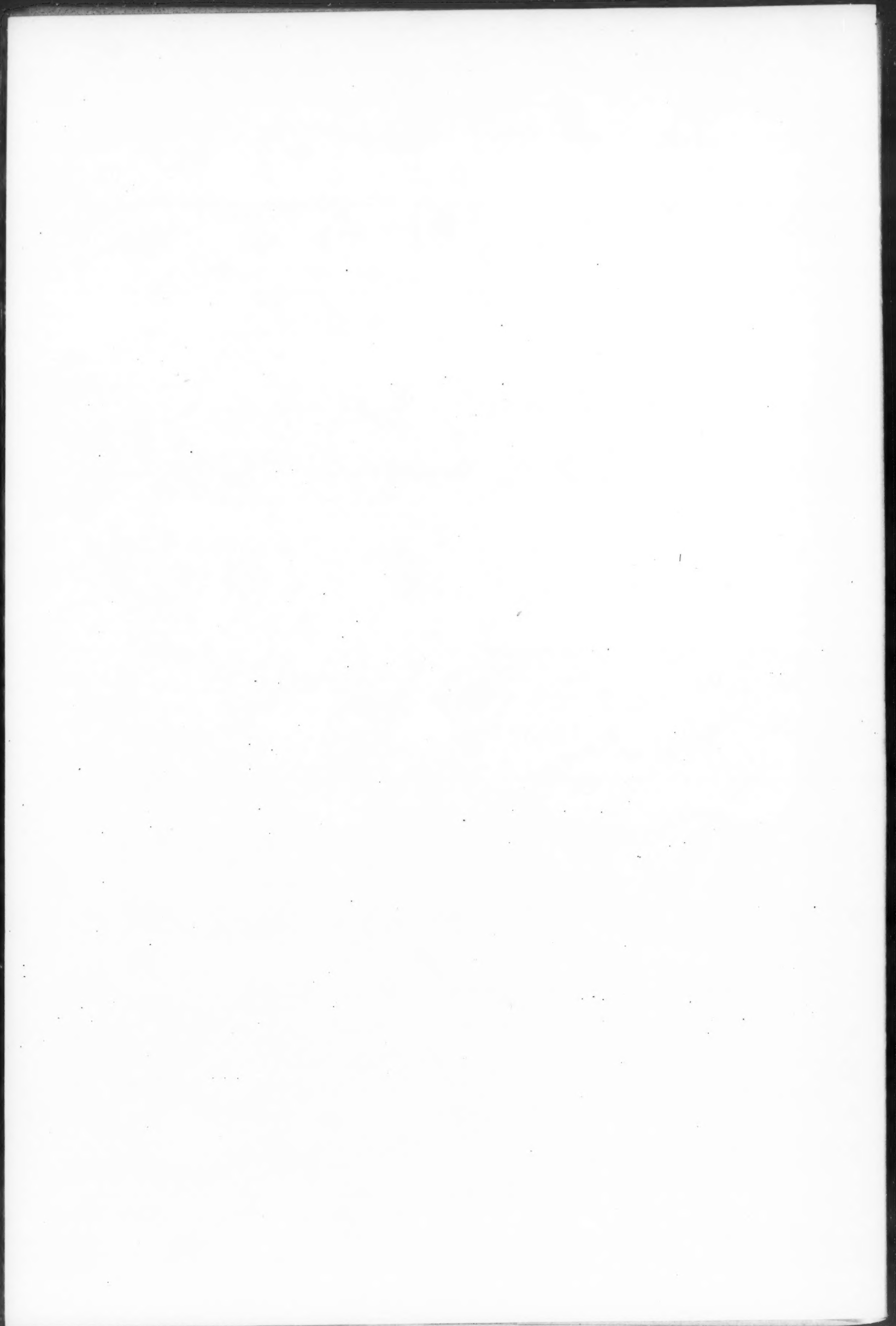
jettied bodice, with a jaunty hat laden with roses, and with a parasol of black striped lace satin, with garnered gauze lacing." The man who wrote this must have been one of Lea's admirers, who has served an apprenticeship in a modiste in order that he might be able to describe her correctly.

Miss Elsie Irving wasn't cast for the title role in "Trilby," but she is the heroine of the play in the burlesque known as "Twill Be," and she is so good in the part that it is perhaps just as well that she was not engaged by Mr. Palmer in the first place.

The sisters Don, three charming young English women, who have come over to this country just to show Americans how they can dance and sing, ought to be very well pleased with their second advent to this country, for they have been most heartily received everywhere. Their act is a very clever one, and they are deserving of success.

Edith Russell is the proud possessor of a gold front tooth, which came very nearly costing her her position in the ranks of a comic opera last week. The prima donna took a dislike to her because of that gold

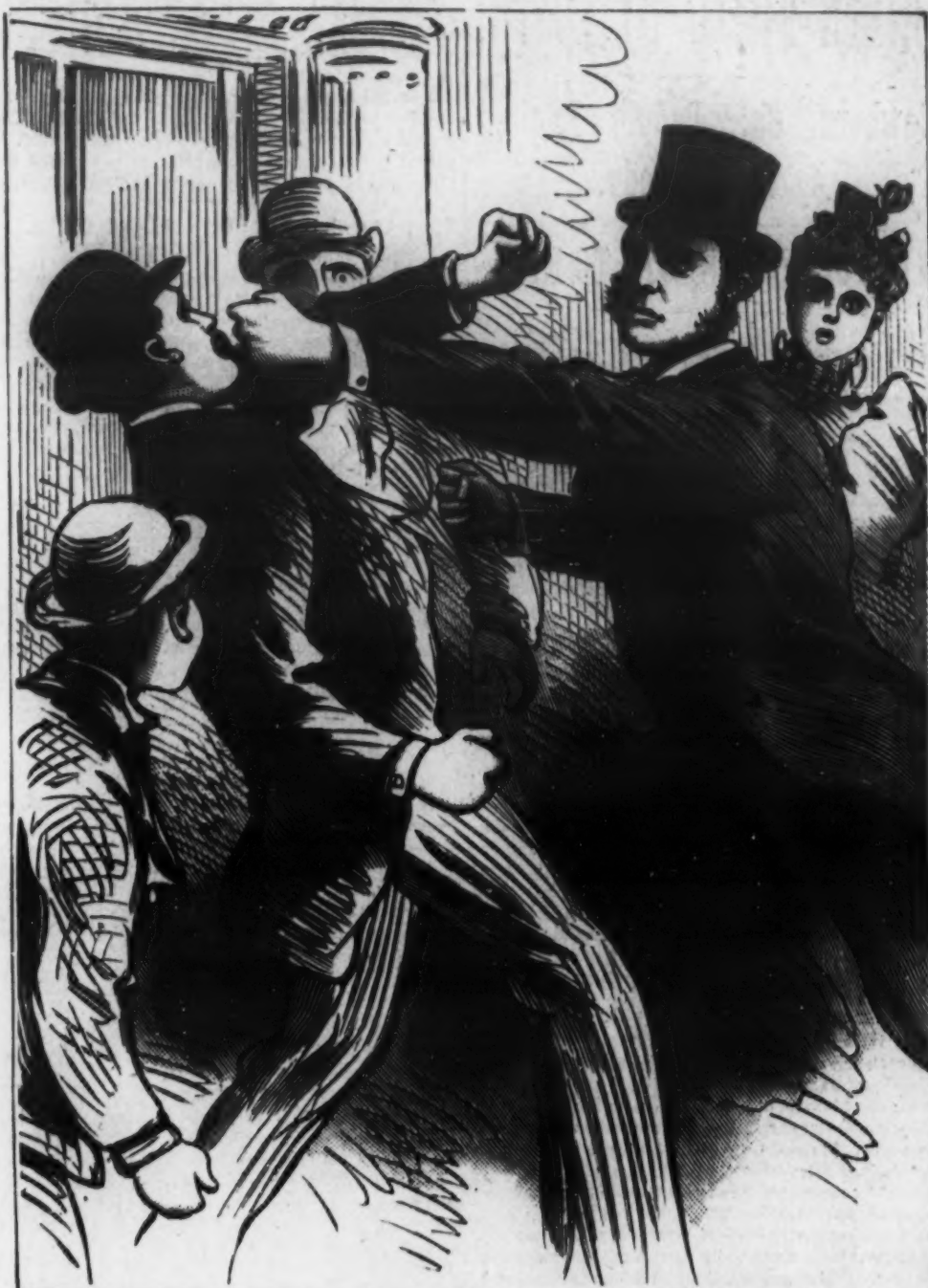
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FOUND HER LOVER IN A CELL.

THE ROMANCE OF A DULUTH, MINN., SOCIETY GIRL RUDELY SHATTERED WHEN SHE FINDS HER FIANCE IN A CELL FOR BURGLARY.



QUEENSBERRY'S FISTS.

LONDON'S SPORTING MARQUIS SHOWS HIS SON THAT HE HAS NOT FORGOTTEN THE GENTLE ART OF BOXING.



BATTLE ROYAL OF COLLEGE GIRLS.

YOUNG WOMEN OF THE LIVINGSTON PARK SEMINARY, OF ROCHESTER, FIGHT FOR THEIR CLASS COLORS.

FATHER KILLED BY LOVER.

Newborn, Ga., People Excited
by the Tragedy.

WILL GREEN SHOOT TO KILL.

Then He Coolly Elopes With Cora Estes,
Belle of the County.

ESTES REFUSED HIS CONSENT.

It isn't every girl who would run away with her lover after he had shot her pursuing father and left him lying dead in the roadway. So, because this is so unusual, the good people in the neighborhood of Newborn, Ga., are talking now of Cora Estes and Will Green, the man who is probably her husband by this time. The killing took place very near the Morgan County line, and there are folks who say that if the young man and his wife return, the sons of the murdered man will do a little shooting themselves.

The man who was killed was J. T. Estes, one of the best known planters in Morgan County. He was rich as well, and he made up his mind long ago that his daughter Cora, who is now seventeen years old, should make a great match. But love doesn't always run in the channel that parents provide for it, and so it happened that the girl, who is the belle of the county, fell in love with young Will Green. The courting was a pleasant one, lasting about a year, and then the young man went to old Estes and asked for his consent to the marriage. The answer was short and sharp:

"Get out of here!" he said.

"But"

"Get out, and get out—quick!"

Green, being unarmed at the time, found discretion the wiser part, and went away.

But the old man did not reckon on lovers' tricks. Inside a week Green and Cora Estes were in daily correspondence, the secret postman being a trusted negro servant of the Estes family.

By and by the couple became bolder, and clandestine meetings were frequent. The father saw nothing; suspected nothing. All this has been within the last six months, and but a short while ago the lovers made up their minds that an angry parent should no longer separate them.

"Let's elope," said Green. Cora Estes consented. The date of the fitting was fixed for Sunday. She slipped out of the house unnoticed. She carried nothing with her but the clothes that she wore. Green was at the trysting place, and the couple hastened to Green's house.

A buggy was ready and off they went at a furious pace. Their destination was the house of Rev. Mr. Hartwell, who had agreed to perform the ceremony.

But young Sam Estes, son of the planter, had seen his sister leave the house and his suspicions were aroused by her stealthy movements. He called his father and the two men saddled up and, armed with shotguns, started for Green's house. They got within sighting distance just as the buggy was disappearing down the road.

The two Estes followed in hot pursuit of the carriage, swearing vengeance, for they had got a glimpse of Cora's face beside Green.

The lovers, unsuspecting of pursuit, had just alighted from the buggy in front of the minister's house when a clatter of hoofs up the road caught their hearing. They turned to look.

"My God, it's father!" cried Cora.

Green went after his gun.

"He'll never get you back!" he said.

Mr. Estes at once jumped from his buggy, and, walking up to his daughter, said: "Come, Cora, let's go home."

Scarcely had he spoke, when Green jerked out a pistol and shot Estes through the heart. He then fired two shots at Sam Estes, who was still in his buggy. One shot pierced Sam's coat, and the son ran behind a tree for protection. All this was over before Mr. Hartwell knew that any one was in his yard. He heard the screams of the daughter, and when he reached the door he saw Green stoop over the body of Mr. Estes, gaze intently upon it, and then return to his buggy, where the girl was sitting. Green spoke to her in a harsh manner. She did not reply.

Green then jumped in his buggy, laid whip to his horse and in a minute was lost to Mr. Hartwell's view with the daughter, who had just seen her father in the agony of dissolution. A pursuing party was hastily made up, and Green was followed as far as Salem, in Oconee county. Beyond there he has not been traced, so far as known. Sam Estes, the son, has offered a reward of \$200 for Green's capture.

The whole country has been posted by telegrams, and it is hardly possible for the young murderer to escape. He is about 25 years old, weighs 150 pounds, has a scar on his nose, a mole under one eye, and has a mustache. Intense excitement exists as to the whereabouts of Cora Estes.

The Estes family has had a remarkable career, and has a remarkable record for elopements. The reason that Green armed himself before searching after the girl was that Estes had the reputation of being a very hard man, and he had threatened to do up anybody who would bother his daughter.

Some time ago his eldest daughter started to elope, and the father caught up with the flying couple. When they saw him coming the would-be bridegroom took to the woods, and was next heard of from Texas. Green exhibited two pistols at Sunday school, where he met the girl, one a new one, which he had got, he said, for the purpose.

Estes was a man generally feared in his neighborhood. He was known throughout the country as "Red Tom," and was a plain farmer, who owned about 2,000 acres of land and had accumulated \$40,000. He had once or twice got into trouble, being charged with illicit distilling, but he was not convicted. There has been a great deal of talk about him, but nothing tangible. He

too, has had his romance. Last winter he slipped away from his home and married a woman much younger than himself, this against the wishes of the children.

The daughter's inability to get along with her step-mother is supposed to have had much to do with her running away with Green.

Sam Estes, the brother, who was with the father at the time he was killed, is another of the elopers. Last winter when the heavy snow was on the ground, he eloped with a neighbor's daughter. It is reported that Green and Miss Estes were married at Broughtonville.

BATTLE ROYAL OF COLLEGE GIRLS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The first class battle on record in the Livingston Park Seminary, at Rochester, N. Y., was fought recently between the seniors and juniors of the school. The members of the junior class intrenched themselves in the recitation room after having fastened their colors to the wall.

The seniors fought to get the colors, and the battle was on. Garments were ripped and torn, hair disheveled. The teachers of the institution interfered after the seniors had won.

JAMES THORNTON.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

There is no performer on the vaudeville stage who is in more demand than James Thornton, and there is no one who is more popular with the people. He is not only a clever comedian and actor, but he is more than versatile and original with the pen. He not only writes his own songs and parodies, but he is responsible for the many catchy ballads which his wife, Bonnie Thornton, has made successful.

MR. AND MRS. E. D. DAVIES.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Mr. E. D. Davies is a prominent broker on the Royal Exchange of Adelaide, South Australia. He is one of the best-known men in that country, and has a host of friends. His wife, Mrs. Davies, is a daughter of Mr. George Oughton, of Sydney, Aus., late bandmaster of the Adelaide military band and city organist. Mrs. Davies herself is an accomplished musician, and moves in the circles of the best society.

HARRY S. ALWARD.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Newspaperdom lost one bright particular star when Harry S. Alward left it to conduct the destinies of Charles Frohman's "New Boy" Company, last season. A sufficient indication of his success is conveyed in the fact that he has been re-engaged for next season. For many years he was a conspicuous success in New York



ELOPED WITH THE SLAYER OF HER FATHER.

journalism, and in the various big newspaper offices in which he worked he enjoyed the reputation of being a very "swift" individual. He is a bit of a sport, too. In January, 1894, he made a pleasure trip to Jacksonville, Fla., just to be present at the Corbett-Mitchell fight.

BLOWN UP BY DYNAMITE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The little town of Parker, Ind., which is ten miles east of Muncie, was startled a short time ago by a terrific explosion, which occurred two hours after midnight in the house of Mrs. Joseph Huett. The building was found to be a complete wreck. One side was blown completely out, and the other badly shattered. It was known that at least six persons had been in the house before the explosion, and willing hands soon began to search the debris for their bodies. Moans and cries for assistance directed the workers to a spot where the mangled body of Mrs. Huett was found buried under the fallen timber. A little further on was found the terribly mutilated body of her nineteen-year-old daughter, Bessie. Both were alive when found, although they were unconscious. Medical aid was rendered to the two women, and in about an hour they had recovered sufficiently to talk of the catastrophe.

The other four inmates of the house, who were boarded with Mrs. Huett, escaped with but slight injuries and a terrible shaking up, having been sleeping on the side of the house that was but partially destroyed.

When Mrs. Huett had recovered so that she could talk she accused her divorced husband of having attempted to blow up the house, and Huett was placed under arrest upon the strength of her statements and taken to jail.

About nine months ago Mrs. Huett obtained a divorce from her husband on the grounds of cruel and inhuman treatment.

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RIVAL PERSIAN DANCERS.

Fatma Has the Police and Fatima Against Her.

SHE DOESN'T LIKE HOBOKEN.

Police Prevented Her From Doing Full Justice to Her Art.

BUT SHE WAS ENCORED THRICE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Fatma, the swarthy; Fatima, the beautiful; color of American shekels, who dances dollars in her



pockets, and who was once the pride of the Midway Plaisance, called, by those who know her well, Hourli, which, translated, means, angel, beloved one, all that is good and beautiful, is in trouble.

She had escaped all the trials and tribulations which are usually found in this country, until she reached Hoboken. Then the dark clouds of adversity began to gather about her devoted head, and the sun of her life set temporarily.

She was billed to appear in the Bijou Theatre, in Hudson street, one of the most popular of Hoboken's many resorts, and the play-bills said that she, the dancer of the *Danse du Ventre*, the only original one of the Plaisance, whose movement was like the soft undulations of a snake, would appear before the good people of Hoboken, and show them the poetry of dancing.

Six-colored billboards, upon fences and stands, proclaimed the beauties of Fatma, and then, when all was ready, the trouble began. The chief of police said he would stop the dance, and Fatma was in despair, and then all the ministers in town, or nearly all, preached sermons against this dreadful carnival of sin; so that, before the show, things began to look pretty blue.

On the night of the performance the chief of police was present.

"If the dance is indecent," he said, "I will stop it." So well had the show been advertised by all this trouble that an hour before the curtain went up the house was packed, and when the performance began there was a lot of people outside who were fighting like lunatics to get in.

Fatma danced!

The representative of the police watched the stage jealously, and when he thought it was going too far he nudged the manager of the theatre, Mr. Phillips, who made a motion to Fatma to ease down a little.

But even with the easing down, those who were in the front seats encored the dance three times.

In one of the stage boxes, looking at the show, was Fatma, a rival dancer, and when she saw the sly-eyed Fatma called before the curtain three times she hastily left the box and made her way behind the scenes. She attempted to follow Fatma to her dressing-room, but she was stopped by the employees. She struggled and fought, and she very nearly got the best of the men, when reinforcements came.

"Let me see her!" she shouted. "I will see her!"

Fatma turned and saw her, and ran to her dressing-room and locked herself in. Then the rival was led, perspiring and panting, back to her box, from which point of vantage she witnessed the rest of the show.

For some time past the Turkish and Persian dancers

have been unusually successful, and those who originally came over to dance in the Midway Plaisance of the World's Fair have made small fortunes. Fatma is one of those, and so is Fatima and Ferida, who is better known than all the rest put together. Ferida has had more escapades since she has been here than she has ever had before in her life, and she has twisted and turned, without much clothing on, before every principal club in the country.

JIMMY HANDLER.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

When Bob Fitzsimmons was training at Newark, N. J., to meet Jim Hall, a year ago, he ran across a likely young boxer named Jimmy Handler. He was clever with his hands and game as a nut. Lanky Bob took him in hand, taught him some valuable things about the game, and ultimately developed him into one of the most useful men in the lightweight class. He is only 19 years old, but with age and experience he will some day become a legitimate candidate for championship honors.

FATHER AND LOVER'S QUEER DUEL.

The horsewhipping of an ardent young lover by the foster father of the girl he loves, in her presence, the energetic defense made by the young man with a hoe, the subsequent prostration of the foster father from nervousness, resulting in a bit of hard work for the family physician, are features of the story of the day at Port Jefferson, N. Y.

The cause of this little disturbance is a charming young woman, perhaps twenty years of age, the adopted daughter of Gilbert Davis, a stock farmer and butcher, whose farm is at Mount Sinai and his butcher shop at Port Jefferson. The relations between the two are most pleasant, in fact it is said no father could be more firmly attached to his own daughter than Gilbert Davis is to Miss Gussie. Since the death of Mrs. Davis he has been more and more wrapped up in the girl, and it seems as if he were devoting his whole time to her pleasure. He has no other children.

It was while he was at the shop in Port Jefferson or off on the delivery route that Miss Gussie met Charles Marion, a young farm hand, employed by Samuel Hopkins, a neighbor. Charles did as he might be expected to do—admired the girl and fell in love with her. His attentions to the girl were received with favor, and he managed to meet her frequently.

That caused the trouble. Mr. Davis learned of the attention young Marion was paying the girl and at once became enraged. The idea of a common farm hand presuming to fall in love with his daughter was preposterous. He wouldn't stand it. He promptly forbade the young man entering his premises. But who ever heard of a young man in love staying away from a sweetheart who encouraged him for such a flimsy reason as that? He continued to call, but not when Father Davis was at home.

Mr. Davis learned of this and one Saturday he hitched up his horse, invited Miss Gussie to take a ride with him and went to the Hopkins' farm, where Marion was vigorously plying the hoe. The words that passed between them are not for the general public to know; suffice it to say that Davis' horsewhip was plying vigorously once, twice over the head and shoulders of the young farm-lover. It was a peculiar predicament for the young man. It was hardly proper for him to thrash his sweetheart's father before her eyes, but he could not play the coward and take such treatment without a protest. His handy weapon, the hoe, was raised, and fell with a resounding thud on the head of his assailant. For a few moments the scene resembled an old-style threshing floor; then the combatants separated and Davis and his daughter drove home.

When they arrived and the horse was put away in the barn, Mr. Davis began to get nervous over the affair. He grew so excited that he fell to the floor in a faint and remained unconscious an hour or more.

Dr. Many was hastily summoned from Port Jefferson and soon brought Davis back to consciousness. Since then Mr. Davis has enjoyed his usual health, but keeps careful guard over his foster daughter. It is said that every time he drives over his route now he takes Miss Gussie with him to prevent any further secret visits from the young man who would woo and win.

And the Port Jefferson people are wondering if this is the end of it all.

JACK EVERHART.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Jack Everhart is the celebrated New Orleans lightweight pugilist, who is matched to fight Kid Lavigne under the auspices of the Seaside Athletic Club, Coney Island, on May 30. He took this contract at two weeks' notice, replacing Young Griffo, whom Lavigne refused to fight after the recent exposure regarding the Australian's offence, for which he is now under arrest. Everhart is looked upon as a likely candidate for championship honors. He is clever and game, and possesses all the qualities of a great pugilist.

MINERVA, THE CHAMPION STRONG WOMAN

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Everybody knows Minerva, the most remarkable woman of the age; who juggles heavy dumbbells about like toys; and lifts tons of weight with the ease of a Hercules. She recently lifted a platform containing eighteen ordinary-sized men and was presented with a solid gold cup by Mr. Richard K. Fox as a souvenir of this remarkable performance. She has a standing challenge backed up by a forfeit of \$500 to lift heavy weights against any female in the world, for the "Police Gazette" championship.

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PEEPS BEHIND THE SCENES.

Objected to His Wife Posing for the "Altogether."

WANTS TO DIVORCE HER NOW.

Paterson Mongolians Like Their Pretty School Teachers.

TALE OF A LOVER AND A PISTOL.

When a man falls in love with and marries an artist's model, he is supposed to get a perfect woman; perfect, at least, so far as physical contour is concerned. The man who married Miss Eugenie Claire of New York city thought for awhile that an angel had been wafted down from heaven for his especial benefit. He would have been thinking so yet had he not been so inquisitive as to want to know where his wife spent her long afternoons.

Because she wouldn't tell him he made an amateur detective out of himself and tracked her to the studio of a painter who is not only clever, but wealthy. When artists are at work they usually lock their doors, and so it happened that this jealous husband, not daring to do more than gently turn the knob and put his ear at the keyhole, was repulsed both ways, for the door refused to open, and the keyhole wasn't large enough to permit of conversation being heard.

But he was patient. So he waited until one day he happened to strike this studio when the door was not locked and he entered. His wife was posing in the "Altogether," which in plain language means that she was nude.

Then he made a scene, and for his pains he was thrown out. Now he wants a divorce. It's absurd, his wife says. And the artist echoes her statement.

There is trouble in Paterson, and one of the Sunday schools is in the throes of convulsion, and like all the tempests in a teapot, this one originated from a very little cause. It was this way: This is not an ordinary Sunday school, but a place where Ching Ching, Hop Foy and other slant-eyed Celestials are not only taught the English language, but are injected with a touch of religion as well. The trouble is with the teachers. They are all young women.

Even that would have been all right if one of the Celestials had not taken it into his head to promenade the streets with his particular mentor.

She was the prettiest as well as the youngest of the group, and what was worse, her escort was said to have left in the beautiful city of far-away Peking not only a wife, but a half dozen of the cutest little slant-eyed kids that ever drank tea or wore sandals.

Comment was created and folks began to talk, and it wasn't very long before there was an indignation meeting. Then all the Sunday school Chinese went on a strike and refused to attend Sunday school and be saved.

Paterson folks are saying some queer things about the Chinese and the teachers now, and it isn't considered nice to talk that way.

The result is trouble, and more than one young woman is kept at home, not only on Sunday, but at night, as well.

It is seldom that it requires a horse pistol in the hands of the girl's father to a marriage when a couple has eloped for that purpose, though there was such an occurrence recently at Lebanon, Ky. Charles Boswell, aged 18, and Cordie Yankey, aged 16, daughter of L. T. Yankey, of Logan Hills, Ky. had eloped to Harrodsburg for the purpose of getting married. The elder Yankey opposed the marriage, and went to Lebanon twenty-four hours later to meet the couple, thinking they had gone to Jeffersonville. Failing to find them when the train arrived he returned home, and found the couple had gone to Harrodsburg. He then went to the latter place in search of them, and found them at the house of Boswell's brother.

The girl hid in a closet and Boswell hid upstairs. Mr. Yankey was enraged when he found they had not married, and, it is alleged, told Boswell he could take his choice of coming to Lebanon and getting married or being hauled home in his coffin. Without deliberating he accepted the former proposition, and the three went direct to Lebanon, Mr. Yankey closely guarding with his pistol. Boswell had been unable to procure the license in Harrodsburg on account of his youth, but Yankey had prepared for that, and they had no trouble. They fled into the Clerk's office, Charles and Cordie in front, and the old man with his persuader closely following. The sheriff relieved the old man of his load, assuring him there was no further danger of a flicker, the knot was tied and the old man, with his daughter and son-in-law, left for home.

There are a few quick matrimonial experiences on record, but nothing is quite so swift as the case of Joseph Reilly, of Hoboken, and Mrs. Lizzie Reilly, of Cincinnati. They went before Squire George F. Seymour, of Hoboken, not long ago and were married as tight as the law can marry any two loving persons. Within a very short time afterward Mrs. Reilly called on the squire.

"I want a divorce," she said.

"What?"

"A divorce. I want a divorce."

"Tired already?" gasped the squire, hardly believing his ears.

"Oh, long ago. We only lived together an hour and a half."

"Why, what's the matter?"

"Nothing. I just decided it was all a mistake."

The woman had hardly left the office before her husband went in on exactly the same errand.

"I ain't blaming you," he said to the amazed Squire Seymour. "It was our fault. We might have known then, instead of an hour and a half later, that we couldn't get along together."

Even if Mamie Knight didn't have golden hair hanging down her back and no merry twinkle in her eye, she knew enough to capture her cousin's husband as well as his bank account.

Now they're far, far away. Where? Well, their exact whereabouts is not known, but the following letter, dated at Buffalo, which was received by the deserted wife, Mrs. John Flemming, of New York City, tells a portion of the story:

"MY DEAR CLARA: No doubt you have worried about Mamie and I since we left New York two days ago, but we couldn't help it. We found that we loved each other more and more, and thought it would be best to leave and not let you see how happy we were together. I drew all the money out of the bank, but you have got enough to live on until you find something to do. You know you have no children like other married women to bother you, and I do not think you will have any trouble getting along all right."

"It is all your fault, anyway, because you brought your cousin into the house for me to fall in love with, because she is nicer than you; and now that it is all over you will have to do the best thing you can. We will leave Buffalo in the morning, and I don't think it a good thing for me to tell you where, because we are never coming back and will never see you again; so good-bye, and



CAUGHT HER POSING FOR THE "ALTOGETHER."

try to get something to do to support yourself.

After Mrs. Flemming finished reading the letter she cried most of the night, and then the next morning she rushed over to a police court to find out what she could do about it.

"It is all my fault," she sobbed; "I should have known better than to bring my cousin to the city to live with us; but Mamie was such an innocent child. I don't believe she'd ever been to a city larger than Ithaca or Elmira until she came here."

Mamie is only nineteen years old, but she is starting out in life very well.

Mrs. Jane Sykes, who lives on Dodd street, Orange, and supports herself, her husband and their child, was before Judge Davis, at the Orange Police station, recently, on a charge of being a disorderly person, as the result of a living picture exhibition given by her on the sidewalk in the vicinity of her home.

Mrs. Sykes is of medium height and weighs nearly 200 pounds, and would not be an ideal model for an artist.

Sykes is a broad-shouldered giant, over six feet tall, with a red mustache and closely-cropped white hair.

Saturday night, the woman said, she had gone into a neighbor's house to discuss a pint of mixed ale, when her husband followed her, tore off all her clothing except a thin undershirt and then dragged her to their home a block away.

Sykes denied the woman's story, and said she had voluntarily disrobed and gone into the street to pose. The Judge discharged both after they had taken pledges not to drink for one year.

Liveliest of the Day!

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QUEENSBERRY'S FISTS.

He Lands Them in Good Old-Time Shape on his Son.

BRUISES LORD DOUGLAS' EYE.

Both are put Under Big Bonds to Keep the Peace for Six Months.

TROUBLE CAUSED BY OSCAR WILDE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

For the second time in the past three months the Marquis of Queensberry has appeared in a police court. This last time he was with his eldest son, Lord Douglas, of Hawick, whom he had punched vigorously on the street the evening before, and who had a reminder of the family quarrel in the shape of a beautiful black eye. If ever young Lord Douglas got it into his head that he

letters to his (Hawick's) wife reviling her husband. His aim in meeting his father was to stop these foul and obscene communications.

Lord Queensberry objected to the letters in question being called obscene. Hearing that Oscar Wilde was residing with Lord Douglas he went to the latter's house and obtained the assurance of his daughter-in-law that his younger son, Lord Alfred Douglas, was not there also. He thereupon ceased writing letters to Lord Douglas' wife.

Lord Douglas' lawyer wished to read the letters in question, but the magistrate would not allow it. The lawyer said that at the conclusion of Taylor's trial the Marquis of Queensberry had sent a telegram to Lord Douglas and his wife which was as follows:

"I must congratulate you on the result of the trial. I cannot on Percy's appearance. He looks like a dug up corpse. I fear he has had too much madness of kiling. Taylor guilty. Wilde's turn to-morrow."

"QUEENSBERRY." Both the Marquis and his son were bound in sureties of £500 each to keep the peace for six months. The Marquis, who wore a fresh boutonniere and presented a very jaunty appearance, admitted that he had offered to fight his son, Lord Douglas of Hawick, anywhere or at any time for £1,000. Lord Douglas showed a very black eye as the result of his encounter with his father, but the latter did not show a mark. The crowd cheered the Marquis as he drove away in a cab, and as earnestly hissed and hooted Lord Douglas as he took his departure.

The Marquis went directly from the Marlborough Street Police Station to the Old Bailey Court, where he was an attentive listener at the trial of Oscar Wilde.

BICYCLING MAIDS MEND BAD ROADS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The grand army of bloomer-clad maidens of the quiet little town of East Lyme, Conn., have been troubled for a long while on their bicycling trips by roads that were not in the best of shape. Connecticut girls are nothing if not prompt, so early one morning very recently, not very long after daylight, they set out on their road-mending mission.

With spades and hoes and rollers they repaired a score of breaks in the roads, and then they went home happy at having done a good morning's work.

FOUGHT FOR A LOVER'S PICTURE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

It was only a photograph which caused a family row in Buffalo, N. Y., but photographs are wicked things when they happen to be found in the wrong place. The young man who sat for the picture is a clerk in a Main street dry goods store. He was engaged to a very charming young woman, and it was while she was away on a visit that he consoled himself with her sister. They became such great friends that when she asked for his photograph he gave it without hesitation, and she carried it in her bosom. When the engaged young woman found it all out there was a battle royal, in which the picture was torn into a dozen pieces. The girls do not speak now.

ATTACKED BY A TRAINED BEAR.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A trained bear, owned by two Russians, who were exhibiting him in the suburbs of Paterson, N. J., recently, took it into his head to break away and have a little time of his own. He ambled down a street until he came across Carrie Moeller, aged thirteen years. She screamed and ran, but his bearship pursued her and knocked her down with a clip of his huge paw. He was rolling her around on the ground in evident high glee, when the Russians came up and beat him off. The child was badly scratched.

WHERE FIGHTERS ARE MADE STRONG.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

To many people there isn't anything particularly exciting about a training headquarters. The place is associated with hard work, and the opinion prevails that a man in training for a fight has little time to gossip and talk, but that every moment is devoted to the arduous task of getting weight off, putting it on, making muscle, improving the wind, hardening up or the thousand and one things embraced in the meaning of the single word "training." Not so, however; for away down on the New Jersey coast, at a delightful summer resort, is a cottage where hospitality abounds; peopled as it is by a man whose name is known and respected on two continents, together with a group of pugilists who, under his management, are preparing for flint engagements-scheduled for an early date. The place is known to the residents of Asbury Park, N. J., as Corbett's farm; and was formerly occupied by the champion during the early days of his preparation for his fight with Mitchell before he went to Mayport, Fla. Situated in a grove of pine trees, the place is admirably adapted for the purpose to which it is now devoted. The cottage is large and roomy, containing individual sleeping apartments for all the occupants, and reading dining and reception rooms, where visitors are entertained. Back of the house is a handball court, to the left of this is the gymnasium, where all the indoor work and the rubbing is done. About a half mile back of the "farm" is a private trotting track where the "boys" do their running; and in front of the cottage is a fine lake where outdoor bathing is indulged in.

Seven were enjoying the luxury of living amidst these delightful surroundings, and the accompanying illustration contains portraits of those so favored. Nobody can mistake the face of the genial host, "Parson" Davies. In comfortable negligee he sits in the middle of the group with the two stars of his "troupe," Joe Choyinski and Tommy Ryan, on either side. Directly behind the "Parson" is Bob Armstrong, the young colored giant, who will some day surprise the followers of pugilism by showing championship form. To Armstrong's right stands little Jimmy Barry of Chicago, the 105-pound champion, who is matched, or will be matched, to fight "Kid" Madden. Alongside of Barry stands Harry Pigeon of Canada, Tommy Ryan's trainer. On the left of the group, behind Choyinski, are Sam Pullerly of Englewood, Ill., and Lem Schlow, who attends to all correspondence and is commissary-general of the camp.

Real Frenchy!

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BLOWN UP BY DYNAMITE.

MRS. JOSEPH HUETT AND HER DAUGHTER, OF PARKER, IND., THE VICTIMS OF A FIENDISH PLOT SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN LAID BY A DIVORCED HUSBAND.



COLLEGIANS IN A HOT RACE.

HARVARD, YALE AND COLUMBIA ATHLETES CONTESTING FOR SUPREMACY AT BERKELEY OVAL, N. Y., MAY 25.



HARRY FIDGEON.
TOMMY RYAN

JIMMY BARRY.

BOB ARMSTRONG.
CHAS. E. (PARSON) DAVIES.

SAM FULLERLY.

JOE CHOYINSKI.

LEN B. SCHLOSS.

WHERE FIGHTERS ARE MADE STRONG.

COTTAGE AT CORBETT'S FARM, ASBURY PARK, N. J., WHERE PARSON DAVIES' PUGILISTS ARE TRAINING.

SPORT OF ALL SORTS.

Events of Passing Interest That Merit Criticism.

RACING OUTLOOK HOPEFUL.

Doubts and Fears About the Capabilities of the English Racing Yachts.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE VALKYRIE.

At last there is a rift in the clouds and a gleam of sunshine in the Eastern racing world. The stewards of the Jockey Club have permitted the organization of an association to race at Morris Park, and closed the contract with Mr. Alfred Hansen Morris for the lease of the Morris Park grounds, grand stand and club house. The new association has vast prospects in view for the building up of the turf in the East. Its organization, as a member of the Jockey Club puts it, "is the biggest thing that has happened for the turf since the early days of the old American Jockey Club, at Jerome Park, when the fashion and wealth of New York patronized racing." The organization of such an association was first broached early last winter. It was temporarily lost sight of in the more important work of getting the Ferry-Gray bill through the Legislature, but was again revived at the Morris Park steeplechase meeting. It was the main feature of discussion at all the recent meetings of the Jockey Club. The chief points to be settled was the rental to be paid for the track and an adjustment of dates into Gravesend and Sheepshead Bay. All the details of the new association have not yet been fully decided upon, but it will be composed not only of members of the Jockey Club, but of other prominent and wealthy gentlemen. It is expected that a large enough membership will be secured that the dues, as in the case of the old American Jockey Club, will more than offset all expenses that may be incurred.

Morris Park is in all its appointments the greatest racing property in the world, and it ought to be the Mecca of the turf in America, as it, no doubt, will be, under the management of the new association. While racing will be the main feature, it is intended that the association will be something in the nature of a country club. Steeplechase meetings may be given in the early spring and the late fall, and the grounds will be utilized for golf, polo and similar outdoor games and amusements. Balls and other social functions will be held at the clubhouse.

With all these varied attractions, there is no reason why Morris Park should not be one of the most charming resorts in the vicinity of New York. The club house, with the introduction of proposed social features, its nearness to New York, and the excellent drives to the park, can be made attractive to the members of the association, while the immense grounds and grand stand, the quick and cheap transportation, should afford an equal attraction to the public.

An extended fall meeting will be given. Some of the Jerome Park stakes, such as the Belmont and Withers, two of the oldest, classic events on the American turf, may be revived. It would seem, at any rate, that these two events, especially so intimately associated with the tradition of racing, should be re-established. Futurities and other risk events will be opened. The new association, besides representing in its membership a big percentage of the wealth of New York, will have at its head several, careful business men, whose connection with the project will be an assurance of success.

Dwyer and Croker seem to have patched up their differences, and the homecoming of the genial Mike will doubtless be deferred. This conclusion is drawn from the fact that his son, now in this country, has received a letter in which instructions are given to send to England the best of the Croker-Dwyer horses that were left here when the first string was sent over. A hurried inspection of the stable has been made, and this week half a dozen more horses will be sent to join the American thoroughbreds now in England. Among those asked for by Dwyer are Prince George and Armitage, both owned by Croker. Neither of them has started this year. Those who have watched the Croker-Dwyer two-year-olds here say they are a mediocre lot, and it is known that young Mr. Dwyer objects to sending them abroad because of their poor quality. Aside from Prince George and Armitage, none of the others would be able to win a maiden race here. They may win in England. Prince George and Armitage are both cripples, and I don't see what they can be expected to accomplish. The two-year-olds were tried last fall, and all of them that showed ability to run were taken to England.

The policy of sending such a crummy assortment of racers to England, therefore, must be criticized. The firm can do better with the few horses now here than they can with any that might be sent over. Perhaps Mike has a scheme in mind of showing his British racing contemporaries another American trick, that of disposing of mediocre class cattle at first-class prices, through the medium of selling races. Don't be surprised if both Prince George and Armitage, as well as some of the others, remain to end their days in England.

Some of the English papers continue to attack the turf methods of Messrs. Croker and Dwyer, and a bitter feeling against them has been aroused. With the bookmakers laying short prices against their horses; with the handicappers piling up excessive weight on them; with their selling-plats bid up when they win races and claimed when they lose, and with the newspapers savagely criticizing their methods or their innocents abroad are having a most interesting experience. The noble Briton, who never allows anything to keep his eyes from the golden guinea, whether he is on a race-track or "driveling" other people's lands away from them, is apparently having fun with Messrs. Croker and Dwyer, who are reported to be heavy losers in bets, while the few small purses they have won will hardly pay for the feed of their horses. Their prospects of getting back the money they have lost with the cast-off from their English stable do not look particularly encouraging.

The bicycle racing season opens all over the country on May 30, and on that day the class A men will begin their summer's struggle for bye-a-brac, medals and "pots," and the class B men for diamonds and training expenses. The biggest year that cycling has ever seen will be led off by the National Circuit meet at Plainfield, N. J., and the "classic" Irvington-Milburn road race, as the cycling papers term it. The Pullman road race, which holds the same place in the estimation of Western riders as the Irvington-Milburn race here, takes place at Chicago on the same date.

The in-and-out running of yachts is almost as puzzling as that of horses. The boat requires as much care and tending up as the thoroughbred, and, with all said and done, the inanimate favorite of the wave is quite as liable on the day of the race to prove as "short of work" or "out of form" as the animate favorite of the turf often does. Here is the Alisa, set down on the strength of her Riviera performances as far the superior of the Britannia, beaten twice, and once in her own particular weather, by the Prince of Wales' outer. In light breezes the Flite boat seemed to have no life; in heavy weather she was tender and her spars caused infinite trouble. Unless Watson can see Flite and go him more than one better in the new Valkyrie the America Cup stands precious little chance of getting an ocean voyage and a change of air.

Interest in the projected races for the America's Cup has been revived by the approaching launchings of the new

Valkyrie and the Defender. For the first time something has been learned about the dimensions of Dunraven's boat. According to an authentic report she is 36 feet 4 inches wide, and will have a draught of 18 feet. Her foreboard will be 9 feet, so that the total height of the hull structure is 31 feet, measuring from the bottom of her keel to the upper deck. Her sail area will be about 15,000 square feet. She is, as before reported, a composite vessel, with frames of steel and planking of wood, the under body being coppered.

The mast and boom are of the best selected and seasoned pine, and were chosen large, so that they could be hoisted up under her lee spars with everything set in a good breeze, is confidently expected. Watson, the designer, it is understood, said to the builders of the yacht recently that in his opinion the Defender and Valkyrie III. will be quite as much the same as any two yachts could be, "but," he added, "Valkyrie should win by her superior sails and the superior handling she will receive." And time alone can tell whether Mr. Watson is much or any kind of a prophet at all.

Practically, she is a centreboard yacht, with a fixed board, instead of a movable one. Her shape, leaving out the fin keel, is essentially that of a centreboard boat. The change in the lines of the Valkyrie III. as compared with those of the Britannia, amounts to the practical adoption by the Scotch designer of a new type, not widely different from that in favor on this side of the Atlantic for some years past.

That the enormous lead keel, placed so low down as it is, will give the Valkyrie III. great stability and make her stand up under her lee spars with everything set in a good breeze, is confidently expected. Watson, the designer, it is understood, said to the builders of the yacht recently that in his opinion the Defender and Valkyrie III. will be quite as much the same as any two yachts could be, "but," he added, "Valkyrie should win by her superior sails and the superior handling she will receive." And time alone can tell whether Mr. Watson is much or any kind of a prophet at all.

Cycle racing circles were thrown into a fever of excitement last week when the announcement was made by the League of American Wheelmen Racing Board that John S. Johnson, of Minneapolis, Minn., the fastest so-called amateur in the world, had been expelled and declared to be a professional. It was charged that Johnson disposed of his prizes for cash; that he was a party to his trainer, Kot, in extorting money from clubs for taking part in races, and furthermore, that he failed to keep faith with clubs where he had agreed to ride, which is directly contrary to the rules of the League of American Wheelmen. Johnson is reported to have denied these allegations, but his defense was so weak that the Racing Board had no hesitancy in voting unanimously to declare him in the professional ranks.

The retirement of Johnson will cause widespread fear among the various leading riders in Class B, as it is expected that the racing authorities of the League of American Wheelmen will in the near future surprise the racing contingent by placing some more riders in the professional ranks and possibly suspend another trainer or two.

Johnson was one of the leading racing men in this country. Some of the records which he created last fall are as follows: Quarter mile, 28 seconds; third of a mile, 59 seconds; half mile, 55 1/5 seconds; 1 mile, 1 minute 56 3/5 seconds; 2 miles, 4 minutes 1 second; three miles, 6 minutes 9 seconds; 4 miles, 8 minutes 15 3/5 seconds; five miles, 10 minutes 23 3/5 seconds. Johnson's prizes won throughout last season were valued at \$10,000.

The expulsion of Johnson is a step in the right direction, but only one. To be thoroughly consistent the L. A. W. should kick out all Class B men and ninety per cent. of the A riders.

There are times when it is a good thing to be an athlete.

Robert Stoll is a member of the New York Athletic Club, a well-known champion gymnast, official timekeeper of the Henkle Athletic Club and a dealer in precious stones. In appearance he looks in his street clothes to be a quiet little man, who does not enjoy the best of health. In riding Mr. Stoll up for such a person, a street car thief made a serious mistake a few nights ago. The New York Athletic Club man was going home on a car a few nights ago, when it stopped to let on a young woman. Stoll and a tall, stout man were on the rear platform, and as the young woman boarded the car the thief leaped heavily against little Bob, and about two minutes later started to swing off the platform to the street while the car was in motion. Unconsciously Stoll put his hand on his scarf and found that his diamond scarfpin was missing. In a moment it flashed across his mind that the big fellow was making away with it. It was a cloudy night, but the little man made one jump for the big fellow. They rolled over in the street. Quick as a flash Stoll was on his feet, and, getting a neck lock on the big fellow, who was then sitting up on the pavement, he said: "Give me my pin!" The thief didn't say a word, but started to get away, when Stoll gave him a neck twist that almost strangled him. "Give me my pin!" he again demanded. "I dropped it," was the hoarse reply. "Pick it up," said Stoll. The thief did not show any disposition to find the pin, and so Stoll, who can also box, and is in fact a bunch of muscles, uproot him and cut his face. "Don't! Don't! I'll get it," said the big fellow. "Get it, then," said the little man, and he punched him again. Finally the thief fished the pin out of his pocket and Stoll put it where it could not be lost. He let go his grip around the thief's neck and, letting him stand off a pace, he punched him again, and the thief took to his heels. At that moment a man walked out in the street and wanted to know: "Say, what was you doing with that fellow?" "Having some fun," was the reply, and the little man jumped on another car bound for home. "He thought I was easy," explained Mr. Stoll, "but he made a mistake."

Mr. Oliver C. Iselin, who has charge of the Defender, sits at rest the story of the great over-all length of the boat, and it will be surprising to yachtsmen to learn that she will be shorter than either the Vigilant or Columbia. Her beam is also satisfactory, and the matter of the sail spread approximately given.

The great cost of the yacht and the reasons for the expenditure of so much money in her construction are also explained. The coming battle for the Cup has from the first been regarded as very serious business, and it would have been sheer madness not to build the best boat that money could produce.

The American crew are giving great satisfaction. They may not compare with the Valkyrie crew, but Mr. Iselin is certain they will be the best ever seen on the deck of a racing yacht in America.

So far as matters have progressed, Mr. Iselin is in a tranquil frame of mind. He does not regret a single step that has been taken in the construction of the yacht, nor rapidly approaching a condition when she may be launched and prepared for the greatest battles in the history of the America's Cup.

Speaking of Starter Caldwell's big "welch" against the far bank at Hot Springs, which was referred to in the POLICE GAZETTE recently, the latest phase of the affair is an action threatened by the Bookmakers' Club, of which Gunn, Jaynes, Billy Connor, Abe Levy and other well-known turfites are members. The action comprehends a move to oust Caldwell from the running turf unless he makes good his "welch." The way this is sought to be accomplished is along the same lines that Frank Shaw was made to feel the power of the Bookmakers' Association. It will be remembered that when Shaw bought the betting privileges at Washington Park during the World's Fair meeting he raised the price of booking on the meeting from \$100 to \$150 a day. The bookmakers held a meeting and voted to quit booking under Shaw. The move broke the St. Paul man, and he was left at the close of the meeting \$75,000 poorer off than he began.

With Caldwell the argument will be used that a man who can and will not pay what the gamblers term a "debt of honor" is necessarily under suspicion with a starter's flag. The little strip of bunting if handled other than honestly, can be used to leave favorites at the post at will, and in other ways burn up the money of the public. A memorial will be prepared and addressed to all the clubs in the Turf Congress and the Jockey Club, to which will be affixed the signatures of all the prominent bookmakers of the country, asking that Caldwell be barred off the tracks.

"And," said a friend of Billy Connor last night, "you will find that Caldwell will come up to the Captain's office and settle his debt, or he will find such a flood of influence brought to bear that no book maker will do business on a track which employs him."

DOMINO.

Very Sensational!

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POINTS FOR CORRESPONDENTS

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Next Supplement with No. 931, out June 27th.

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RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Prop'r,
Franklin Square, New York.

READER, New York.—No.
J. E. C. Sprague, Wash.—No.
T. D. Williams, Minn.—High Low Jack.
H. F. Minneapolis.—We have not the records.
HARRIS, New York.—No, there is no charge made.
J. C. Du Quoin, Ill.—C wins. No misdeal in casino.
F. B. Shenandoah, Penna.—We do not keep such data.
J. P. Newark, N. J.—He paid three visits to this country.
G. T. G., Cumberland, Md.—Joe Goddard is not a colored man. He is a native of Australia. His father was English and his mother Irish.

Kip N. Savannah, Ga.—Please let me know where I can obtain a premium list on old coins? Scott's Stamp and Coin Co., New York.

W. D., Cohoes, N. Y.—Will you please to send me the address of Billy McCarty, the pugilist? A letter to this office may reach him.

H. O. R., Butler, Pa.—A and B play seven-up. They have the same number counting for game. Who gets game? The non-dealer.

F. D., ——— The safety bicycle has proved to be the fastest.

H. G. Buffalo, N. Y.—We have no record of Prescott's alleged performance.

H. S., ——— Which wins, a straight or a full house in numbered dice? Full house.

W. J., Hoffman House.—Abe Hickens weighed 134 pounds when he fought Pete Maguire.

P. C. A., Jr., New Orleans, La.—We do not know. Peter De Laery's firm is reliable.

T. B., New York.—Send a challenge accompanied by a forfeit, and you may secure a match.

B. C., Sheridan, Wyo.—Two doors from the corner of Broadway and Park Place, New York.

W. J., Philadelphia.—Billy Edwards and Arthur Chambers only fought once in this country.

J. P., Johnson City, Tenn.—Jack McAniff has, so far, never been defeated in the prize ring.

B. W., Paterson, N. J.—Jack McAniff and Austin Gibbons only met once as opponents in the ring.

G. S., Newark, N. J.—What is the price of Sullivan's colors? Sullivan's colors are not sold now.

T. T., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Is McDonald an Irish or Scotch name? McDonald is Irish. MacDonald is Scotch.

W. B., Ladington, Mich.—Could you send me the address of the manufacturers of the kintecope? Menlo Park, N. J.

J. B., New York.—If you are not sufficiently interested to buy a POLICE GAZETTE to see the answer, why do you ask questions?

J. M., Cleveland, Ohio.—In a game of double Pedro, A deals cards, B passes, C passes, D bids 16. Can A name the trump? Yes.

M. C. A., Tipton, Ind.—As there was no agreement made as to the number of throws, and no conditions, we object to decide upon the dispute.

A. A., New York.—The only way you can arrange such a scheme is to advertise or issue a challenge, backed up with a deposit.

T. F. M., Bridgeport, Conn.—Bob Fitzsimmons weighed 150 1/2 pounds when he fought Jack Dempsey. The latter weighed 147 pounds.

R. A. P., Ridgway, Pa.—The size of a prize ring is 34 feet. Rules do not change the size of the ring. All battles should be fought in a 34-foot ring.

A. E., Mt. Jewett, Pa.—To settle a bet will you please tell me which has the longer reach, Corbett or Fitzsimmons? The question is in dispute.

A. M., Chicago, Ill.—In a three-handed game of seven up one man begs and the dealer gives, are both entitled to a point or only the beggar? Both.

Capl. C., Fort Schuyler, N. Y.—1. Bob Fitzsimmons, and not Jack McAniff, is the middleweight champion. 2. McAniff is the lightweight champion.

Br. LOURNA, St. Louis, Mo.—Bob Fitzsimmons, when he fought Jack Dempsey, weighed at the ring side and scaled 150 1/2 pounds, Dempsey 147 pounds.

J. B., Milwaukee, Wis.—Did Kilrain score a knock-down in the first round, and was it allowed, in the late fight with O'Donnell? No; O'Donnell slipped.

H. G., ——— What is Johnnie Murphy's age? Murphy is a little sensitive about his age. He estimates that he is twenty-five, but he looks to be fifty.

A. J. W., Cleveland, Ohio.—In a game of double Pedro, A deals cards, B bids 14, C and D passes. Can A name the trump? See answer to J. M., Cleveland.

A. C. B., Pittsburgh, Pa.—It is an open question and we could not decide unless we knew the length of both pugilists' arms. We should think Bob Fitzsimmons.

B. A., Baraga, Mich.—1. Yes; they fought in Australia. We have no record of the contest. 2. Johnny Griffin was born in Braintree, Mass., on June 16, 1869.

A. M., Milwaukee, Wis.—Sullivan and Mitchell fought on March 19, 1898, near Chantilly, France. Thirty-nine rounds were fought and the battle ended in a draw.

W. C. V., Glen Eyre, Pa.—There is no athlete holding that title at present. Mike Donohue formerly held that title, which he won by winning the trophy offered by Richard K. Fox.

W. F., New York City.—The best boxing gloves in use are the "Police Gazette" champion boxing gloves. Nearly every champion pugilist indorses them. Send for a catalogue.

C. E. T., Ithaca, N. Y.—Will you give me the address of kennels where thoroughbred English bulls (not bull terriers) are bred? Woodlawn Kennels, Saratoga, N. Y. F. H. Dole, New Haven, Conn.

READER, Milwaukee, Wis.—A champion is obliged to fight all comers, white or black, when challenged or forfeit the title, provided the challenger posts a deposit with the challenge, not otherwise.

B. H. H., Newport News, Va.—What is the age of the trotter Maud S., also J. I. C. and Dexter? Maud S. is twenty-one years 2. Maud S. was thirty years old when he died in 1888.

W. F., New York City.—Billy Frazier and Pete Daly fought at Bangor, Me., March 28, 1885, for gate money. Number of rounds, 4; Frazier's weight, 133 pounds; Daly's weight, 135 pounds; result, a draw.

ANONYMOUS, Byron, Ill.—George Dixon holds the title of featherweight champion of the world, and stands ready to defend it against any pugilist in the world who will fight at 115 pounds or below that weight.

ENQUIRER, Milwaukee, Wis.—In the first round of the Kilrain-O'Donnell contest "Kilrain landed his left on O'Donnell's eyes and

brought him to his knees." Is that a knock-down? No, he slipped.

G. A. Mc & W. F. S., Leipsic, O.—I send 25 cents to this office and we will mail you "The Champions of England," published by Richard K. Fox. It contains Charley Mitchell's record and battles.

W. K., Washington, D. C.—Can you tell me what company Nellie Harris belongs to and her age? Nellie Harris was at one time with the Keith-Santley Company; at present she is one of the team of Harris and Matthews, playing at vaudeville theatres. She is about 23 years old.

T. J., Long Island City.—Paddy Ryan and Joe McAniff fought for a purse of \$1,000 in San Francisco, Cal., Dec. 24, 1897. McAniff won in 8 rounds, 11 minutes. McAniff weighed 190 pounds, Ryan weighed 190 pounds.

R. J. C., Morristown, N. J.—We have in our mind a man representing himself to be Paddy Ryan, ex-champion. Would you kindly inform me if he is the genuine article? The original Paddy Ryan now lives in Troy, N. Y.

READER, South Norwalk, Conn.—A bet that John L. Sullivan was champion of the world. B bets that he was not the champion; that he never won the title. Who wins? He never fought for the title of World's Champion.

G. J. T., Miles City, Mont.—We do not know anything about the jewelry firm you refer to, or if there is such a firm. We could not advertise them free gratis in the POLICE GAZETTE by publishing their address, even if we knew.

F. L. R., Helena, Mont.—1. Albert Edward. 2. Yes. 3. The best running hop, step and jump is 48 feet 8 inches, made by Thomas Burrows, Oct. 18, 1864, at Worcester, Mass. 4. Send 25 cents to this office for the "Athlete's Guide."

F. B., New York.—Was John L. Sullivan ever in the liquor business in New York city, to decide a bet? Yes, to a very large extent—one of the best customers New York barrooms ever had. He never owned a saloon in New York.

J. W., Memphis, Tenn.—A and B play casino, A has first play and builds one on eight for nine—has nine in hand; B can't take it; A plays one more ace on nine and makes it ten—has ten in hand; B says A can't build. Who is right? B.

G. B., Milwaukee, Wis.—G bets that Kilrain would win the first knockdown in the last fight with O'Donnell, and B bets he would not. Who wins? O'Donnell wasn't knocked down. It was a fair slip made in ducking away from a blow. B wins.

A. St., Chicago, Ill.—A B C are playing draw poker; C deals; A opens a jackpot; B stays; A bets; B calls it; A overlooks his hand (queens and threes) and calls a pair of queens; B calls a pair of queens, nine high; A says a pair of queens, seven high, saying "you are good," the same time showing up his hand (queens and threes). Who wins the pot? Cards talk in poker. Not what a player says. A wins.

SCOURGEON, Fort Missoula, Mont.—We had a contention as to where the finest courthouse and post office are situated. A contends that both are in Pittsburgh, Pa., and to save further contention I ask you the city or town in which they are erected, and also what place in this country produces the finest breed of horses. The Postmaster-General at Washington, D. C., could give you the most authentic information on the subject. 2. Kentucky enjoys that distinction.

C. D. H., Milaville, Pa.—In a game of pool the ball that the shooter called was beside the pocket, with two more balls between it and the cue ball. He said that he would shoot combination on the ball beside the pocket; he hit the ball nearest his cue ball, but did not make the ball he called on a combination, but his cue ball rolled down along the cushion and hit the ball that he called and knocked it into the pocket. Is the shooter entitled to the ball? Yes; he called the ball for the pocket, and it was knocked in.

GENERAL SPORTING GOSSIP.

Eddie Burke seems to be the victim of very unjust treatment.

Detroit tried to buy the release of Yale Murphy of New York.

Up to the present time Hawley of the Pittsburghs leads the pitchers in the League.

Marty Bergen, who rode Ray of Santa Anita in the Brooklyn handicap, has returned West.

Harry Stovey, once a crack Boston outfielder, is writing baseball for a New Bedford paper.

Doyle of the New York Giants has lost a large portion of his salary so far this season by fines.

If Gotham is a better colt than Counter Tenor he has an excellent chance to win the Suburban.

George Gore, the once famous selder of the New Yorks, is working in the office of the Street Cleaning Department in Philadelphia.

Matt Byrnes and J. W. Rogers have decided to stay in Chicago for a while longer, until the race war assumes more definite proportions.

Fuller of the New Yorks is not an experiment. He may be "off" on his work temporarily, but he is sure to settle down and play like a race horse.

The jumping races at Philadelphia last week were exceedingly well attended, there not being less than 5,000 people on the grounds either day.

What a great club Washington would have if they had not parted with Farrell, Meekin, Killean, Sullivan, Mack, Tom Daly, Hoy, Wilmet and Joe Mulvey.

Tony Mullane has become reconciled to a minor league engagement, and is playing in every game for Charley Conkley's St. Pauls. When he is not pitching he is on first base.

The bill prohibiting pool selling or betting of any kind in Connecticut passed the House by a vote of 156 to 19. The bill had already passed the Senate and will now go to the Governor.

Seagram only had five entries in five races at Toronto the other day, and he only had five winners. He does a land office business in Canada always. The meeting ought to be called Seagram's Raid.

Pitcher Hart, of the Pittsburghs, in four games he pitched for his team this season, has been hit safely by seventeen times, and but ten runs were scored against him, four of which were earned.

The jury in the damage suit of Mark Baldwin against Chris Von der Ahe, manager of the St. Louis baseball club, at Pittsburgh, Pa., returned a verdict awarding damages in the amount of \$2,500 to Fitcher Baldwin.

The Eastern bookmakers are an obedient set of men. They remind one of a troupe of trick dogs. They would wait at the Jockey Club's bidding. It is well, however, and those who obey will not feel the lash when it falls.

Quinn and Miller, of St. Louis; Anson, of Chicago; O'Brien, Louisville; McAlister and McKeon, of Cleveland, and Long, of Boston, were the only National League players who have not had a strike out in their 15 games.

President Robinson of the Cleveland Club offered to bet \$2,500 that nobody could name two clubs to beat Baltimore and Cleveland out. Whatever President Robinson says goes, and he will leave the offer open for a week.

Emalle is the best umpire in the National League staff, and, what is more, no one can charge him with playing favorites says the Cincinnati Commercial Gazette. He is not infallible, but he gives his decisions honestly as he sees them.

Terrick of the Salems has the banner record of any New England pitcher. He held Haverhill down to four hits, Lawrence down to two hits and Lowell down to three hits. He is very cool, has excellent judgment and control, and does not lack speed.

The King of Fighters!

"James J. Corbett, Champion of the World." Containing a full account of Corbett's life and battles in the ring. With portraits of Corbett, John L. Sullivan, Charley Mitchell, Peter Jackson, Jake Kilrain, Joe Cheyninski, Wm. A. Brady, Corbett's backer, and Richard K. Fox, donor of the "Police Gazette" heavyweight championship belt, for which Corbett and Fitzsimmons are now matched to fight. Price by mail, 25 cents. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.

SURE TO BE A FIGHT NOW.

Corbett and Fitzsimmons Reach
an Understanding at Last.

NOSE-PULLING THREATENED.

Organization of New Clubs Creates a
Fighting Boom in the East.

TIMELY GOSSIP AND SMALL TALK.

If Bob Fitzsimmons had any doubts about Jim Corbett's desire to fight him, they were dispelled on Monday last, when they met for a pow-wow at the Coleman House, in New York. Corbett was very aggressive in his manner, went at the New Zealander like a bull at a red flag, shook his finger under his whiteman's nose, and said no end of things about his courage, while the handful of spectators awaited with patience for the denouement which never came.

If the belligerents failed to come to blows, they did succeed at least in getting down to business, and reaching an understanding which forebodes the probability of a fight being held. Another thing is certain, Fitzsimmons has had his mind disabused of the idea that because an organization, termed the Florida Athletic Club, assumed the responsibility of bringing the match to an issue, that the fight must be held within the State of Florida. No such compromising clause appears in the articles of agreement which Fitzsimmons signed his name to.

The present state of affairs is that before July 1st Fitzsimmons is to deposit in the hands of the referee \$5,000, in addition to his stake money of \$10,000 now in the stakeholder's hands, to guarantee his appearance in the ring. On July 1, "Circular Joe" Vendig, representing the Florida Athletic Club, is to name a date and the place of meeting.

It is more than probable, as told in this column a week ago, that Dallas will be the favored spot. Vendig is in communication with Dan Stewart, who represents the Texas syndicate, and it is more than likely that an amiable arrangement will be reached before many days. A purse of \$40,000 will be given, as originally stipulated. It is even bettering now that the fight will take place, probably in September or early in October.

That was a very lively moment at the first call for a meeting of the two fists celebrities, when Corbett, angered at Fitzsimmons' non-appearance, declared his intention of pulling lanky Bob's nose. The circumstances leading up to the finale were very dramatic, and the scene not a bit exaggerated, might be interpolated into "Gentleman Jack" without marring the text of that delicious melo-dramatic periphery. After waiting almost an hour, and patience had ceased to be recognized as a virtue, Corbett jumped up and exclaimed: "I want to know from Vendig what I am asked to come here for."

"I wanted to see you and Fitzsimmons because there were two things to be settled," said Vendig. "The articles of agreement say that this fight is to take place before the Florida Athletic Club, of Jacksonville, Fla. Fitzsimmons contends that the fight must take place in Jacksonville, but I claim that the club can pull itself anywhere in the United States, so long as it is under the club's auspices. The articles say that the club must name the fighting place by July 1. The club is prepared to do this. Fitzsimmons has failed to deposit his \$5,000 to guarantee his appearance in the ring. Fitzsimmons has been paid his \$1,000 by the club for training expenses. It isn't necessary for Fitzsimmons to put up his \$5,000 guarantee. If he will get some responsible man to guarantee it for him I shall be satisfied."

Then Corbett said:—"I am willing to give the Florida Athletic Club the first call on the fight. In my opinion the fight can be held in Dallas, Tex., and I will fight before the Florida Athletic Club there or anywhere else in the United States that's suitable. If the Florida Club can't pull off the fight then I'll meet Fitz before some other satisfactory organization. I am convinced the fight can take place."

"I don't want to take any advantage of Fitzsimmons, and I'll give him one more chance to meet me and see if we can't arrange for this fight. Prior to our meeting last winter, Fitzsimmons was credited with the remark that he would pull my nose when we met. When I taxed him with this remark he denied saying it. Whether he said it or not, he failed to make good. Now, I tell you what I'll do. If this fight fails to come off on Fitzsimmons' account, I'll pull his nose, and I'll make good on it."

Corbett's remark about pulling Fitzsimmons' nose, in my opinion, was uncalled for and needless, and no good could come from such a proceeding, even if his intentions were sincere. When he learned that Fitzsimmons had been making similar intemperate utterances and called him down, as he did very promptly, Fitzsimmons indignantly denied that he had ever said anything of the kind, and Corbett's intentions to compel him to make good were not fulfilled. It was needless therefore, for Corbett's threat was not justified by the circumstances; and I have too good an opinion of his gentlemanly qualities to believe that he would provoke a public brawl, even to convince his traducers of his courage. Nobody doubts that Corbett is sincere in wishing to fight the New Zealander; but while there is certainly a lot of ill feeling existing between the men, sufficient at any rate to precipitate a fight, both should remember that they are in the profession of pugilism for monetary gain, and consequently, should not look upon it as a medium for the ventilation of petty quarrels or an excuse for indulging in public brawls. A fight, such as Corbett's nose pulling threat, would lead to, would only involve the contestants in notoriety of the most demeaning kind, and cause a loss of prestige and public respect. There isn't any money in nose pulling.

Jim Hall is already at work preparing the public for his non-appearance in the ring with Choyinski or his probable defeat on the occasion of their meeting. His backer, John Connelley, was in Chicago the other day, and claimed to have considerable misgivings as to whether his charge would be in proper trim for the time specified in the articles of agreement with Choyinski. He says that Hall got a severe rip with a knife about the stomach recently, on the occasion of his being "held up" at one of the "L" stations in New York. He is under the weather from the adventure yet, and as a consequence may not be able to get himself in shape in time for the contest.

Such fractures appear to be common in Hall's case, but this latter is at first generally regarded as "an advertising dodge." The Australian has an unenviable reputation for keeping himself before the public, and it is no wonder that his pugilistic pretensions are not more seriously regarded.

That little trouble into which George Dixon recently got in New York seems to have been greatly exaggerated in a manner that does the featherweight champion a severe injustice. Talking with him the other day, he gave a much different version than the one that has been printed, and those who know him will be inclined to believe him. He says he entered a parlor car to journey to Boston, and on taking a seat an old man expressed himself very loudly that he would not ride in a car with a nigger. This sentiment was echoed by another passenger, and Dixon resented it. Loud words were entered into, and, as Dixon had been drinking a little, he showed the excitement plainly under which he labored. When the

offer was called to settle the difficulty, Dixon claimed that his color operated against him, and the offer sided with the real offenders. When Dixon protested that he was the injured party, the offer threatened to lock him up, and Dixon thereupon offered to go with him to the police station.

The story of his attempt to assault the police officer who arrested him was not borne out by the testimony given in the police court.

Dixon is not a quarrelsome lad, even after indulging in a glass or two more than his tankage capacity warrants. He has ever been peaceful and gentlemanly. That he lost his temper when publicly insulted is not to be wondered at, but that he gave vent to his feelings in language that could be construed as ungentlemanly is deplored.

Purveyors of pugilistic entertainments are like cooks. Whenever one manager has the good fortune to make a success, too many of them are liable to bring about a contrary order of things. The force of this argument can be applied to the Atlantic Athletic Club of Coney Island, which dropped out of existence after the Maher-Marshall fiasco, despite the earnest endeavors of half a dozen so-called managers to keep it alive. Phoenix-like, from the ashes of the Atlantic Club has arisen the Sea Beach Athletic Club, whose destiny will be directed by "Brennan" Brady; Corbett, too, having an interest in its success. Already two rather important matches have been made. Peter Maher and Steve O'Donnell have signed articles to box twenty-five rounds before the members of the new club on June 17. Joe Walcott was to have boxed Tom Tracy on June 10. An injury to the negro's left hand prevents this meeting, but Dan Crockett and Joe Butler, the Philadelphia middleweight, will take the places of these men. They will doubtless make quite as interesting an exhibition. Tracy, on the same night, will be asked to box Owen Zelger or some other good lightweight.

The Sea Beach Club is to have what no other American athletic organization ever boasted of—a London representative. William Fleischmann of this city sailed on the New York last week. He is authorized to offer reasonable purses and to give liberal advances for expenses to the crack fighters on the other side to meet the best men in this country. Jack Smith, Ted Pritchard, Frank Craig, the "Coffee Cooler," Frank P. Blavin, the winner of the Plummer-Gorfield battle and Charley Mitchell are the men he is after. Mitchell is wanted to box Dan Crockett.

Mike Healey, "the irrepressible," arrived on the Paris on Saturday last, according to the Journal, "straight from dear old Lannon, downerhouse, old boy," looking ready money and prosperity from the tip of his tooth-pick shoes to the collar to his certified-check suit.

"Am I glad to get home?" he exclaimed, in response to a question. "Why, I'm more delighted than if I stubbed my toe against a gold brick. The other side's great, make no mistake; but, say, I don't on the same side of the ocean as old New York. Why, I'd sooner be doing time on Blackwell's Island than have the Prisoner of Wales' job, if I had to stay in England all my life."

Then I asked him about the English fighters. "Not much good," was the response. "I'll bet Corbett can lick any man in the English ring. Ted Pritchard and Dick Burge are the best gloves they have. Arthur Valentine's a stiff. Jim Smith is the most underrated man I know of. He don't know anything about glove fighting but he's a corker with the bare knuckles. Why didn't he do better with Kilrain than he did? Well, that's another story. Anybody who thinks Kilrain was easy game in those days is entitled to his opinion, but he don't think as I do."

"How is Blavin? Bigger and better than he ever was, but he don't rank with our boys at that. Say, I did what no Yankee ever did before in France. I took a couple of English scrappers over to Paris, gave them a fight at the Malesm. Ladite and made money on the spot. Alas I pretty dry. Did even better than that. Took Jack Burke—him that used to be called 'the Irish Lad'—to India. We fought four rounds, 'strictly on their merits' (with a private understanding), in Calcutta, and knocked out a good stake so doing. Jack was stoney broke before he went to South Africa, but he's pretty well fixed now."

"Never was better treated in my life than I was in London by Charley Mitchell and Poney Moore. Despite all they say, Charley is the king of all the English fighters yet. He and Blavin are doing well. They had five hundred a week from two mudo halls in London. They did a turn in each every night, and so made a thousand a week. Now they are in Scotland."

"They give a man fair play at the National Sporting Club," said Mike, "and it's the only club in England fit to fight before. Anywhere else they do pretty much as they please. They have some of members of Parliament in the corners of fighters, but they pay mighty little respect to the referee."

Mike hasn't just made up his mind yet whether he will organize a string of fighters or make a bid for the presidential nomination. He's on the spot anyhow, and something's bound to happen.

For several weeks a movement has been on foot among sporting men in New York and Brooklyn to tender a benefit to Jack Dempsey. The ex-middleweight champion of the world has been in ill-health for some time, and it is his desire to return to Portland, Ore., where his wife and children live. The performance will take place in Madison Square Garden, on the night of June 8. It is asserted that greater fighters will appear at this testimonial than have ever before been gathered together under one roof. Already Champion James J. Corbett has offered his services. Not to be outdone in lending a helping hand to a brother fighter in hard luck, which has pursued Dempsey for some time, Bob Fitzsimmons, too, has agreed to appear in a boxing bout with any man chosen to meet him. In addition to these star attractions, however, Steve O'Donnell, Peter Maher, Joe Choyinski, Jim Hall, Tommy Ryan, Jimmy Barry, Dan Crockett and very many other able celebrities will be on hand. Billy Edwards, one of the most popular old-timers, has offered to spar Barney Aaron, and if the latter accepts, no small amount of interest will centre in this exhibition. The object is a deserving one, and any of Dempsey's friends throughout the country who are desirous of lending a helping hand, may direct their favors to the POLICE GAZETTE office, receiving the assurance that the money thus forwarded will reach Dempsey through the medium of the committee in charge of the affair.

Young Griffio is in a fair way to do the State "some service," ten years, more or less. He was arrested in Philadelphia upon the complaint of the Society for the Prevention of Vice and Immorality, and on a requisition granted upon the application of the Coney Island authorities was brought to Brooklyn the other day and remanded for trial without bail.

I saw the young scamp when he was brought into court for examination. He looked anything but prosperous as he stood at the bar. He was very much in need of a shave and wore a shirt that should have gone to the laundry long ago, while his clothes were worn threadbare. His shoes were broken in several places, and altogether he was the picture of hard luck. When called on to give his pedigree he said he was born in Australia, was twenty-five years of age, gave his address as Coney Island, and said he had "no occupation."

After being arraigned he was taken to a cell and locked up with the other prisoners, and afterward taken to the county jail to await trial.

William Gottlieb, eleven years old, who is the complaining witness, was put under \$100 bonds to secure his appearance when the case is called for trial. Judge Moore said that he had been informed, on good authority, that an attempt had been made to get the complaining witness out of the way, and he told the boy's father that in case any further attempt of this kind was made, he should inform the court immediately, and the guilty ones would be severely dealt with.

When Griffio arrived from Philadelphia he called, with Detective Coughlin, on Warren Lewis, a well known local sporting man who has befriended many a distressed fighter. Griffio told Lewis that the whole thing was a scheme on the part of some of his enemies to get him out of the way. He said that he was in straightened circumstances and Lewis promised to provide him with suitable food during his stay in jail and also do all he could toward getting him admitted to bail.

If the reports of the circumstances are true, the alleged crime was

Hot Stuff, Boys!

Our Baseball Supplement of last week. If you didn't get it your newsdealer has a copy, or it will be sent direct from this office on receipt of 10 cents. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.

most revolting in its character, and if the perpetrator is convicted, no punishment can be too severe for him. Not a word of sympathy has been expressed for the young rascal, and nobody seems surprised that his public career has ended in such a characteristic manner. There was some talk a few days ago of a subscription fund, to be used in getting Griffio out of his scrape, but the scheme met with much little favor from the people who were asked to subscribe, that the matter was dropped. Nobody seemed desirous of posing as a sympathizer. It looks now as if things would go bad with him. Any attempt to spirit the witness away or induce him to millitate against the gravity of the offense by concealing the revolting details will cause Griffio's friends, if he has any, no end of trouble, for Judge Moore is not the man to mince matters when it devolves upon him to do his duty as a judge.

Frank Kelly, of Cincinnati, and manager of Shadow Maher, tells the following story about the Shadow's fox-hound: It seems when the Shadow was in Cincinnati he was presented with a foxhound by his many admirers, who claimed it was the best fox dog in the South. Shadow became very much attached to his dog, and when he came East brought the dog with him. One day he was standing on the corner of Twenty-eighth street and Broadway, in New York, with the canine, when the boys got "kidding" him about the dog. Shadow wanted to bet \$50 that there was not a better foxhound in New York, and the boys laughed at him, saying the dog was a "mutt." While they were talking the dog began to get uneasy and restless and tried to get loose from the chain. When the Shadow saw this he said there must be a fox in the neighborhood. At that remark the boys had another good laugh. When Shadow offered to bet \$10 that the dog smelled a fox the bet was taken, the dog set loose, and then the fun began. Down Broadway went dog and boys; near Canal street, the dog getting more excited as the Post Office was reached. All darted across City Hall Park to Franklin Square, the dog about two blocks ahead. When the boys got to Franklin Square there was the dog with his paws on the stoop of a very large building, looking up. On the arrival of the Shadow and the man who took the bet, both looked up and found they were at Richard K. Fox's POLICE GAZETTE building.

RAM AUSTIN.

CYCLING NOTES.

A match between Johnson and Zimmerman would be a great attraction now, and Philadelphia would be the proper place to hold it. The Sanger-Johnson match, of course, is off.

Now that the Johnson case is ended, his former associates in Class B are said to be doing a good deal of hard thinking. Now that Mr. Gideon has started he may do some more weeding in that garden.

The improvements at the Waltham Mass., bicycle track have been completed, and a number of fast men are now training there, among them being Hal and Tom Butler, Ziegler, Coulter and Arthur Porter.

A series of races have been arranged between Wheeler and Houben, to take place July 7. They will consist of mile un-paced and five and ten miles with pacemakers. The races will probably take place in Paris.

Mayor Schieren, of Brooklyn, at the meeting of the Good Roads Association, announced his recognition of the position into which cycling has grown, and declared that cyclists might rightfully demand good roads or paths for their accommodation.

It is predicted that De Cardy, who broke the 10-mile record at Chicago, will be the fastest man in Class A this year unless he accedes to some of the offers he has received from manufacturers and deserts the purely amateur class for the more remunerative Class B.

Some of the runs planned by the I. A. W. meet for visiting wheelmen on June 16 are most alluring. Among them are included Babylon, Roelyn, Freeport, Yonkers, Staten Island and Orange. Competitors in the races at Manhattan Beach will be given a most enjoyable tour, wherever they may select.

Whatever doubts may have existed regarding the completion of the Manhattan Beach bicycle track by June 15 has been dispelled. On that day the League of American Wheelmen will hold their State championships. The managers of the meet are working industriously, and hope to have all arrangements made on June 16.

Two world's cycling records were broken over the Garfield Park course, Chicago, on May 22, by Balnbridge and De Cardy. William De Cardy, one of the best-known riders in Chicago, covered 10 miles in 24 minutes 10 seconds, reducing the record from 24 minutes 13 1/2 seconds. William Balnbridge, who for years past has been deemed one of the speediest men on the path, spun out 5 miles in the wonderfully fast time of 11 minutes 40 seconds. The best previous record was 12 minutes 13 1/2 seconds.

TUSTIN'S GREAT LEAP.

Turns a Somersault in Mid Air off the Ends Bridge at St. Louis.

Paul J. Tustin of St. Louis will go down to fame as one of the cleverest and coolest bridge jumpers of the age. On Tuesday morning, May 21, in the presence of a dozen reputable witnesses, he leaped from the centre span of the Eads Bridge, at St. Louis, and, turning a complete somersault, plunged into the Mississippi River, first. It was the most remarkable aquatic leap ever made, and breaks the world's records. The leap was 130 feet clear, from the bridge roadway level to the surface of the water, at its present stage. Shortly before 10 o'clock Tustin, accompanied by his partner, Walter Stewart, walked quietly on the bridge. They paid their fare at the toll-gate, as do ordinary passengers. Slowly the two men sauntered towards the centre of the bridge, followed by a couple of reporters at such a distance as not to excite suspicion. When they reached the middle of the centre span Tustin and Stewart halted and leaned carelessly on the parapet. They were joined by the reporters. Little was said, all gazing anxiously into the muddy waves of the Father of Waters. It looked like scurrying death to make the fearful leap, but Tustin displayed not the slightest apprehension. They were waiting for a wagon.

Presently it came driving across the bridge at a slow pace. The wagon was turned around and headed in the direction whence it came. Then a long, heavy board was quickly taken out of the wagon and placed across the railing, extending out over the water and clear of the bridge. Nothing was said. Tustin had already slipped off his shoes and loosened his clothing.

"Are you ready?" he said to the man holding the plank. "All ready," replied Stewart. Tustin quickly threw off his coat and vest and allowed his trousers to slip to the ground. He then stood clad only in a tight-fitting jersey bathing suit.

Without hesitating a moment, Tustin sprang upon the board and walked out over the river. He did not look down or to either side. He looked straight ahead into space. He tested the board once or twice by springing lightly up and down.

"Is everything all right?" he said in a clear, quiet tone, devoid of emotion.

"All O. K.," responded Stewart, briefly. Scarcely had the word left his partner's lips than Tustin sprang upward and outward. Down he shot like a stone. When he had fallen about twenty feet, he began to turn carefully and deliberately. Slowly he revolved until, when in about twenty-five feet of the water, he regained his normal position. Then he stopped turning and struck the water squarely on his feet. He disappeared with a soft plunge and remained under the water for several seconds. Then his head bobbed up in almost the same spot that he struck the water, showing that he had gone down straight. He struck out swimming strongly, and he was soon picked up by a row boat that was waiting for that purpose.

PUGILISTIC POINTS.

Jack Burke, of New Orleans, will train at Montreal for his coming encounter with Stanton Abbott, which is to be decided on June 14.

Tom O'Rourke, manager of Joe Walcott, says Joe will be in excellent condition when he meets Tom Tracy in their limited-round bout in the Sea Beach Athletic Club on June 10.

Among the callers at the "Police Gazette" office last

week were Hal Masterson, of Denver, Col., Dan Crockett, Farnam Davison, Tommy Ryan, Joe Choyinski and Jim Corbett.

Jim Kennedy, matchmaker of the Seaside Athletic Club, has secured Jack Madden, of Brooklyn, and Jimmy Barry, of Chicago, for a limited round bout in the club house on June 14.

Stanton Abbott seems to be a busy pugilist these days. He has been matched to box Leslie Pierce at Boston on June 3. Abbott, when he does not fight, is in the meat business at Providence.

A party of gentlemen who control Geneva Park, the resort at Geneva, N. Y., have made an offer of \$10,000 for a six-round battle between Corbett and Fitzsimmons, and \$1,000 for each additional round fought.

John A. Morris, the celebrated turfman and founder of Morris Park and the New York Jockey Club, died at his ranch in Texas on May 28. He was stricken with apoplexy three or four days before. He remained in a comatose condition until death.

Jimmy Handier says he was asked several days ago by the officials of the Atlantic Athletic Club to meet Tom Tracy in a limited-round contest on May 30. Handier refused the offer, as he says he does not intend to fight waterweights when he can fight in the lightweight class.

Young Griffio, the Australian lightweight pugilist, was arrested in Philadelphia on May 21 at the instance of the chief of police of Brooklyn. He was held without bail, to await requisition papers. His offense is said to be of a revolting nature. The prosecutor is the Gerry society for the suppression of vice and immorality.

Bob Fitzsimmons was surrendered to Sheriff Tansan the other day by "Andy" Horn, who became his bondsman in the amount of \$2,000 when it was decided in the courts nearly two years ago that the New Zealander should pay \$30 a week alimony to his first wife. R. M. Friend, counsel for Fitz, soon had a fresh bond for the suborned boxer. Billy Bennett and John Deboron became sureties.

The Florida Legislature, by a unanimous vote, has passed the Anti-Fris Fight bill. The measure has already passed the Senate and now goes to Gov. Mitchell, who will sign it. The measure is a drastic one, its violation is punishable by a fine of \$1,500 or five years in the penitentiary. Glove contests are construed as prize fights. Sheriffs are empowered to enter any place where they think it is intended to have a contest and arrest any person whom they may suspect of an intention to violate the law.

GENERAL SPORTING NOTES.

Washington needs a shortstop badly. Marcus Daly and J. M. Rogers have decided to race their horses at Ruby.

If Sunday ball playing is stopped in the West, it will be the means of keeping several hundred dollars out of the pockets of the Western magnates.

Old Chief Zimmer is getting back to last year's throwing form. He has had no trouble with his arm this year, except that he has been too strong. He has had a tendency to overthrow.

Notwithstanding the bill passed making Pennsylvania a quiet State in every sense, there is a probability that a racing bill will be passed there in the very near future, with privileges attached.

The expulsion of J. S. Johnson from the amateur ranks of the I. A. W. will prevent his series of match races with Walter Sanger taking place this season.

Tommy Dixon, of Rochester, N. Y., fought Oscar Gardner, the Omaha Kid, near Kansas City, Mo., on Sunday last, 34 rounds, for \$500 and the gate receipts. Dixon won after a very clever fight. The gate receipts were very large.

Fred Foster, the owner of Dr. Rice, has purchased Buckner, Lottie Easton, Len Jones and Caulfield from J. J. McGafferty. Foster has concluded that the Eastern turf is not such easy game as he thought it would be and will return West.

Fred Miller, the "Police Gazette" tramp, and his dog Quess, have reached Chula, Va., on their way home from Jacksonville, Fla., for which point they started to walk last February. At Chula Miller and his dog were the guests of Mr. R. Rand, a well known breeder of game cocks and a sport of the first quality.

The bill prohibiting pool-selling in Pennsylvania is now in the hands of the Governor of that State. He will probably sign it. Pennsylvania has no race tracks to speak of, but the legislators amuse themselves every session by repealing old prohibitory measures and passing new ones.

A new Score Book has just been issued by the Overman Wheel Company, containing instructions on the system of scoring used by O. F. Caylor, of New York. This system alone, as it is therein explained, is worth the price of the book. A diagram of a game, as scored by the system, is printed in the first pages of the book, and therein is given every play which is possible in a game, with a full explanation of how to score it.

The irrepressible Labby, of "London Truth," has invited Croker and Dwyer to quit England because they are gamblers and not sportsmen. This from the country out of which has swarmed the breed of small gamblers that are a pestilence wherever there is a horse race, is rich. But Croker and Dwyer are not answering Labby's invitations. They don't know him, in fact.

At the bicycle races held at Louisville, Ky., on May 26, Owen Kimball tied Porter's record of 45 1/4 seconds for a third of a mile, and Lee Richardson broke his backward riding record of 2:32 1/2 for the mile, doing it in 2:29. Wheel and man travelled backward. Barnett of Lincoln, Neb., rode two miles un-paced, with flying start, in 4:43 3/8, lowering the world's record held by Porter.

St. Asaph and Alexander Island owners are arranging another boycott. They propose to force the management into prohibiting the introduction of new horses in the races unless such horses are purchased and owned by men who are already outlaws. They claim that as their horses are barred from other tracks, a like policy should be carried out by the Alexander Island and St. Asaph people.

One of the most remarkable books which has been published for some time is "Louise Reiguer," written by Robert Watson, a well known sporting journalist of London. It tells a story of crime and low life in so graphic a manner as to absorb the attention of the reader from cover to cover. It is published in a most attractive form by Smith, Astle & Co., 25 Newcastle street, Strand, London, W. C.

Here is what a very caustic critic of New York thinks of the racing situation just now: "When racing is established on a high plane of excellence it is probable that a certain day will be known as the Governor's Day, when it is expected that the Governor and his staff will be present. An Army and Navy Day, a Mayor's Day, a Municipal Day, and perhaps a Ladies' Day will add to the attractiveness of the racing."

Englishmen were considerably amused in 1893 when they heard that the Vigilant had two skippers, Capt. Hansen and Terry. As a matter of fact, the Vigilant in both the trial and Cup races was in Capt. Nat Herreshoff's sole control, though Terry was forward and looked after the sails. This year it seems the Valkyrie III. will also have a second or auxiliary skipper in the person of Capt. Rycamore, who will assist Capt. Cranfield in very much the same way as Terry did Herreshoff.

Thomas Craig, a capitalist from Trenton, N. J., who is financially interested in several electric railways in New York State, has authorized a bid for the Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight. From an authentic source it is learned that the company which he represents will give a purse of \$15,000 for a 12 round go, and \$1,000 for each additional round until a decision is reached. It is further claimed that, should the contest end before the twelfth round, the winner will receive a cash present of \$5,000 as evidence of good faith, with any responsible person whom the interested parties may mutually select.

The Giant Among Sports!

"The Police Gazette Standard Book of Rules," which governs sport in all its branches. A complete, reliable and authentic guide in setting disputes in any and all branches of sports. Every sporting man should have this book. Price by mail, 25 cents. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.



FOUGHT FOR A LOVER'S PICTURE.

BATTLE ROYAL BETWEEN BUFFALO, N. Y., SISTERS FOR THE POSSESSION OF THE PHOTOGRAPH OF THE MAN WHOM BOTH KNEW AND LOVED TOO FONDLY.



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BLOOMER-CLAD BEAUTIES OF EAST LYME, CONN., TURN OUT IN FORCE TO MAKE FUTURE RIDING EASY.



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THE NEW ORLEANS LIGHTWEIGHT PUGILIST WHO TOOK GRIFFO'S PLACE AND WILL FIGHT KID LAVIGNE.

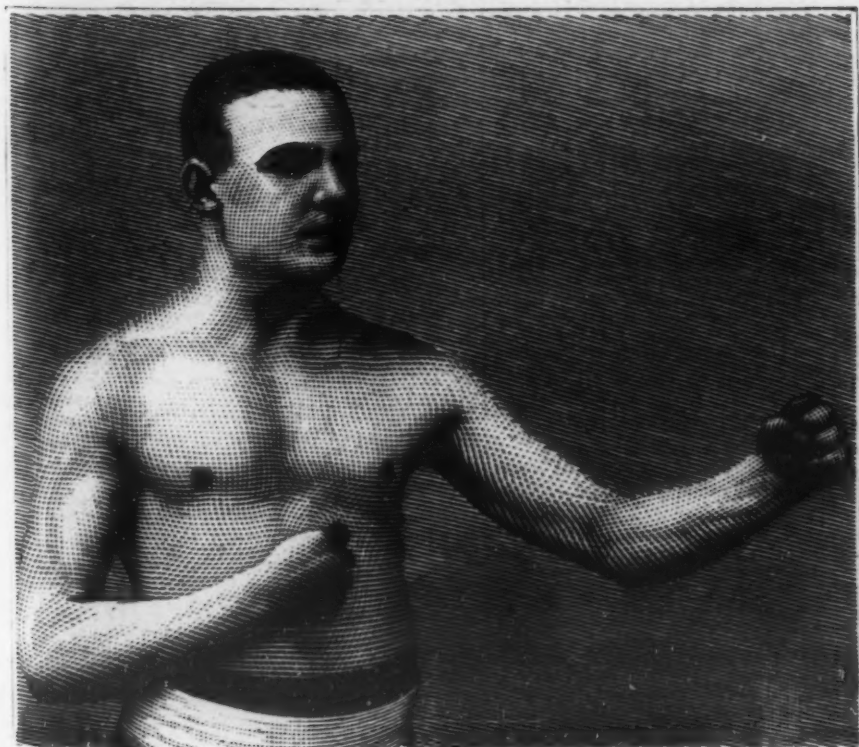


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I have no scheme to extort money from any one whomsoever. I was robbed and swindled by the quacks until I nearly lost faith in mankind, but, thank Heaven, I am now well, vigorous and strong, and anxious to make this certain means of cure known to all.

Having nothing to sell or send C. O. D., I want no money. Address
JAS. A. HARRIS,
Box 80, Delray, Mich.

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Did you get it?
No? Well, send for it now before it is too late.

You know, that colored supplement which was given away last week and which made such a big hit.

It is entitled "Our Baseball Heroes," and shows a ball game in full play, and gives you the most accurate portraits of the twelve captains in the National League that were ever published.

There are a great many persons who did not get the supplement copies of the POLICE GAZETTE last week because their newsdealers failed to order a supply sufficient to meet the demand.

They'll know better next time.

If you'd like that last number now with the supplement free it isn't too late. There are a few of them left. But don't wait too long.

Men have lost fortunes by waiting too long.

Incidentally we might say there will be another supplement in a couple of weeks.

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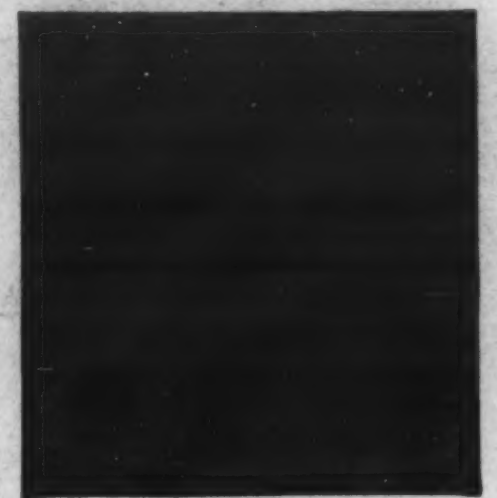
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All of His Symptoms are Better.

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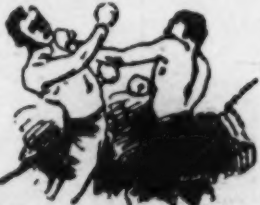
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